



# Days



29 1 4

## Chapter 1 by vobe10

The sky was bright. The blue colors shone through the clouds beautifully. The wind was strong. With every gust, I could feel it in my soul, a crushing sensation that the world won't be the same. The day seemed to darken at my realizations. I never thought it would come to a time like this, but I was wrong.

## Chapter 2 by Aldian Hudaya



Compare it with the day before. I had the feeling of that cold wind chilling through my senses, breezing every vein running blood in my body. It was not rain neither snow. So said, though, I felt nothing out of ordinary--meaning that I felt the same, being plain, so horizontally spread without any cliffs or mountains in my line of mood.

No, it was not because I was relaxed. I -forced- myself to relax, for today I knew it would come. I forced myself to relax forgetting 'it' coming. As you might have known that forcing things always results temporarily good. Temporarily.

I looked to my right. There was nothing but a desk, with a pistol above it and a letter. Along with the letter was a picture, attached using paper clips. One last attempt, I thought, that I took the paper and presented the writings on it before my very eyes. Written using black ink, handwriting looked so familiar...

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